

ms. Holland
THE
Y O R K
M I S C E L L A N T;
CONSISTING OF
P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By STEPHEN MAXWELL,
of the CITY of YORK.

L O N D O N,

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THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY OF LONDON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

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BY STEPHEN A. ZWILLER, Esq.
of the City of London.

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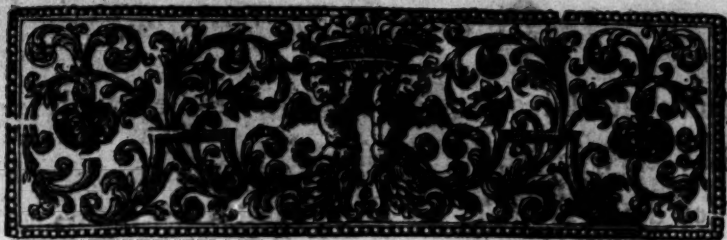
The CONTENTS.

T HE <i>Expostulation.</i>	Pag. 1
<i>The Libertine.</i>	P. 7
<i>The Cares of Life.</i>	p. 11
<i>The Creation.</i>	p. 13
<i>An Ode on the New Year.</i>	p. 14
<i>To Strephon.</i>	p. 20
<i>Cupid's Complaint.</i>	p. 21
<i>On the Death of Mrs. R-----</i>	p. 23
<i>The Complaint.</i>	p. 24
<i>A Song.</i>	p. 25
<i>A Song.</i>	p. 26
<i>To Silvia.</i>	p. 27
<i>Written on the Sticks of a Fan.</i>	p. 28
<i>On the Death of the Honourable Hen. Finch, late Dean of York.</i>	p. 29
<i>To Cloe.</i>	p. 30
<i>The Complaint.</i>	p. 31
<i>A Meditation on the Nativity of Christ.</i>	p. 33
<i>To the Memory of the Royal Martyr.</i>	p. 36
<i>The Wish.</i>	p. 38
<i>On the Death of a Friend.</i>	p. 41
<i>On Isaiah xl. 28.</i>	p. 44
<i>An Epistle to Cloe.</i>	p. 46
<i>On the Restauration of King Charles.</i>	p. 51
<i>A Reflection on Uncharitableness in Opinion.</i>	p. 52

THE

The CONTENTS

1	The Introduction
2	The First Chapter
3	The Second Chapter
4	The Third Chapter
5	The Fourth Chapter
6	The Fifth Chapter
7	The Sixth Chapter
8	The Seventh Chapter
9	The Eighth Chapter
10	The Ninth Chapter
11	The Tenth Chapter
12	The Eleventh Chapter
13	The Twelfth Chapter
14	The Thirteenth Chapter
15	The Fourteenth Chapter
16	The Fifteenth Chapter
17	The Sixteenth Chapter
18	The Seventeenth Chapter
19	The Eighteenth Chapter
20	The Nineteenth Chapter
21	The Twentieth Chapter
22	The Twenty-first Chapter
23	The Twenty-second Chapter
24	The Twenty-third Chapter
25	The Twenty-fourth Chapter
26	The Twenty-fifth Chapter
27	The Twenty-sixth Chapter
28	The Twenty-seventh Chapter
29	The Twenty-eighth Chapter
30	The Twenty-ninth Chapter
31	The Thirtieth Chapter
32	The Thirty-first Chapter
33	The Thirty-second Chapter
34	The Thirty-third Chapter
35	The Thirty-fourth Chapter
36	The Thirty-fifth Chapter
37	The Thirty-sixth Chapter
38	The Thirty-seventh Chapter
39	The Thirty-eighth Chapter
40	The Thirty-ninth Chapter
41	The Fortieth Chapter
42	The Forty-first Chapter
43	The Forty-second Chapter
44	The Forty-third Chapter
45	The Forty-fourth Chapter
46	The Forty-fifth Chapter
47	The Forty-sixth Chapter
48	The Forty-seventh Chapter
49	The Forty-eighth Chapter
50	The Forty-ninth Chapter
51	The Fiftieth Chapter
52	The Fifty-first Chapter
53	The Fifty-second Chapter
54	The Fifty-third Chapter
55	The Fifty-fourth Chapter
56	The Fifty-fifth Chapter
57	The Fifty-sixth Chapter
58	The Fifty-seventh Chapter
59	The Fifty-eighth Chapter
60	The Fifty-ninth Chapter
61	The Sixtieth Chapter
62	The Sixty-first Chapter
63	The Sixty-second Chapter
64	The Sixty-third Chapter
65	The Sixty-fourth Chapter
66	The Sixty-fifth Chapter
67	The Sixty-sixth Chapter
68	The Sixty-seventh Chapter
69	The Sixty-eighth Chapter
70	The Sixty-ninth Chapter
71	The Seventieth Chapter
72	The Seventy-first Chapter
73	The Seventy-second Chapter
74	The Seventy-third Chapter
75	The Seventy-fourth Chapter
76	The Seventy-fifth Chapter
77	The Seventy-sixth Chapter
78	The Seventy-seventh Chapter
79	The Seventy-eighth Chapter
80	The Seventy-ninth Chapter
81	The Eightieth Chapter
82	The Eighty-first Chapter
83	The Eighty-second Chapter
84	The Eighty-third Chapter
85	The Eighty-fourth Chapter
86	The Eighty-fifth Chapter
87	The Eighty-sixth Chapter
88	The Eighty-seventh Chapter
89	The Eighty-eighth Chapter
90	The Eighty-ninth Chapter
91	The Ninetieth Chapter
92	The Ninety-first Chapter
93	The Ninety-second Chapter
94	The Ninety-third Chapter
95	The Ninety-fourth Chapter
96	The Ninety-fifth Chapter
97	The Ninety-sixth Chapter
98	The Ninety-seventh Chapter
99	The Ninety-eighth Chapter
100	The Ninety-ninth Chapter
101	The Hundredth Chapter



T H E
T O R K M I S C E L L A N Y .

The E X P O S T U L A T I O N .



HERE, little restless Inmate, wou'dst
thou rove? [thou prove?
What more mistaken Pleasures wou'dst
Enough of Woe I've found, enough of Pain,
Why shou'd I seek the Dregs that now remain?
If cloy'd while Youth the dang'rous Drowth increas'd,
My Reason calls aloud, Beware the rest.
In Love's soft School, a thousand Pains I prov'd,
A thousand Dangers pass'd, to be belov'd;
A thousand Pleasures open'd to my View,
Those thousand Pleasures, when approach'd, withdrew,

B

Sunk

1 *The YORK Miscellany.*

Sunk into Gloom, were no where to be found,
But left a joyless, fruitless Desert round.
Vex'd and fatigu'd, by Disappointments made,
I cast my Eyes on Company for Aid;
The chearful Laugh, the sportive merry Tale,
The jovial Glass, and frolick Dance prevail,
Whole Nights consume, yet Repetition cloy,
And what I once thought Mirth, I now call Noise:
Now wonder that before I did not see
Unmeaning Wit, and nauseous Ribaldry,
Is all we oft times find in Company. }
Again I venture, thinking to explore
The hidden Bliss in Friendship's sacred Store;
But who that mighty Treasure e'er possess'd?
Was ever Mortal yet so fully bless'd?
And yet there may, but still by me unfound;
They prove like Prospects on enchanted Ground.
Fair to the View, they please the distant Eye,
But when approach'd, the airy Fantomes fly; }
Progressive Pleasures coming Years employ;
Yet mean, uncertain, transient all below,
But Oh! how permanent is all our Woe!

Yet,

Yet, since with active Life we must comply,
How happy's he who is not plac'd on high!
He the tempestuous Shocks of Life ne'er knows,
Nor feels the Storm, tho' a State Whirlwind blows;
Tho' angry Billows swell, *Olympus* high,
And *Jove* tremendous threaten from the Sky;
While larger Vessels by the Tempest tost,
Strike on the Rocks, or are on Quick-sands lost,
Safe anchor'd in his little Bark he lies,
The threat'ning Storm securely may despise,
And hope for smother Seas, and clearer Skies. }
A thousand Dangers wait distinguish'd Height,
To sink the Man beneath the cumb'rous Weight
Of his own Toil; no Pity decks his Fate,
He's only in his splendid Ruin great.
But say th'Enjoyment long as Life shou'd last,
And rising Honours shadow Honours past,
The gen'ral Road to Greatness, Wealth, and Pow'r,
Is so defil'd, so nasty, and impure,
That the foul Stains for ever will abide,
Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r can the Pollution hide:

Ev'n in the Senate, whence our Laws arise,
Illegal Passions blind too many Eyes;
Whilst Gold, or Party, tie or loose the Tongue,
And as they dictate, christen right or wrong.
While private Int'rest loudly all disclaim,
How few are *Patriots* more than in the Name!
Upon the Bench, and at the wrangling Bar,
Poor tortur'd Justice, 'midst continual War
Of clam'rous Tongues, scarce shews her divine Form,
Obscur'd, and oft times lost amidst the Storm.
Temples and Altars have no surer Guard,
They break in there, and wrest the sacred Word
To Meanings such as they themselves devise,
And shadow holy Truths with Human Lyes;
Folly and Vice rush in, devoid of Fear,
Where Angels almost tremble to appear.
Then pr'ythee, Peace, I think my self more blest,
In my obscure and undistinguish'd Rest,
Alive unknown, unnoted when I die,
Than those who toil, the Paths of Fame to try;
For while th'ambitious madly covet Fame,
And lose their present Peace to gain a Name;

While

While the insatiate Miser covets more,
And lives a Bankrupt 'midst his present Store;
While poring Scholars, rather learn'd than wise,
Perplex th'attentive World, and spoil their Eyes;
I, unpossess'd of Wealth, or Fame, or Greek,
Enjoy that Happiness they only seek;
With naked Eye I view the Pageant pass,
Not through th'inverting, false, prismatique Glass,
Adorn'd with Tinsel, Glare, and mimick Show,
Which or from Wealth, or Pow'r, or Title flow;
Content, which vainly they pretend their Aim,
Will ne'er be found in empty sounding Fame;
Nor tatter'd antique Manuscripts can tell
The studious Dunce where sweet Enjoyments dwell.
The up-heap'd canker'd Store will wanting be,
To purchase any true Felicity;
Then take the great Discovery from me.
The Scholar first must learn to know himself;
The Miser freely use his hoarded Pelf;
Th'Ambitious know an awful Pow'r supreme,
Whose piercing Eye beholds the deepest Scheme,

That

That while he thinks he to the highest climbs,
One single *Fiat* frustrates his Designs.

Then murmur not, my Soul, nor once complain
At what Almighty Wisdom does ordain,
But chearful the allotted Task pursue,
And strive to make the Rebel Nature bow,
And ev'ry warring Appetite subdue.

This Resignation will afford us Peace,
Make ev'ry wild tumultuous Passion cease;
Will teach us all injurious Ills to scorn,
Or make the galling Load more easy born;
Then fly th' Approach of what will sure destroy,
In virtuous Actions all this Life employ,
Nor barter certain Peace for transient Joy.

The LIBERTINE:

I'LL tell thee, Friend, might I dispose
Of things below, I'd quash the Laws;
My Reformation shou'd begin
With clearing all the Ways to Sin.
I'd silence first throughout the Nation,
Those subtle Traders in Damnation,
Who tell Men Stories, none knows what,
Of Heaven, and Hell, and future State,
And fix to every darling Vice,
A Premium of so damn'd a Price,
As all our Happiness destroys,
And makes Men Niggards in their Joys:
For tell me, thou this Life has try'd,
Is it not hard to be deny'd,
(When Nature prompts, and does incline
To Musick, Women, or to Wine)
And curb'd in ev'ry bold Design?
But thinking boasting Man's a Fool,
That's gull'd by Precept, damn'd by Rule:

The

The Savages that scowr the Plain,
Whom neither Hopes nor Fears restrain,
Who uncontroul'd, through Meadows rove,
Eat, drink, and revel 'midst their Loves,
Enjoy a happier Life than we,
With all our pompous Misery;
The Reason's plain, they ne'er were taught
To hope, to fear, to wish, nor doubt,
But Instinct points out what they do,
Instinct, which freely all allow,
Of Man and Beast directs the Will,
And is that innate-Principle
Of Knowledge, to whose Pow'r we owe
The Happiness of all we know;
Tho' half the Learn'd maintain, the Mind
Is merely passive, and inclin'd
To what each outward Object shows,
In ev'ry thing she thinks and does;
Others as boldly do aver,
That they but second Causes are,
Which raise Ideas ever there.

Thus

Thus the Result of all Disputes
Serves only to increase our Doubts,
While they with Scruples, and with Fears,
Embaras so our Infant Years,
That from those false Chimeras we
Form Notions of Eternity,
Of Sin, of Pleasure, and of Pain;
Yet we our Freedom might regain
Were they remov'd, for thou may'st see
'Tis they're the Bar to Liberty;
And 'tis a Maxim well approv'd,
Th'Effect must cease, its Cause remov'd.
Come, bring me old *Alcides'* Bowl,
To Liberty, with all my Soul!
I'll pledge a Health, and Precepts give,
How all the future World shall live;
With jolly Boys we'll spend the Day,
In Musick, Dancing, and in Play;
And at Night sweet Beauty's Charms,
Shall with Raptures fill our Arms;
Ransack'd Nature shall us yield
All the Beauties of the Field,

C

Shady

Shady Bow'rs, and purling Streams,
Flow'ry Meadows, pleasant Greens,
Of which so oft each Poet dreams,
All shall in their Turns invite
The ravish'd Senses to delight;
There we'll drink, and there we'll love,
And ev'ry tempting Pleasure prove:
This gay Scene of Life we'll change,
As our Inclinations range,
And comply with our Desires,
When they lead to shining Spires,
Gilded Roofs, and stately Rooms,
Roaring Boys, and noisy Towns.
Thus we'll live while Nature's young,
Flowing, vigorous, and strong,
And gaily thro' the Circle move,
Of happy Drunkenness and Love;
Drunkenness, which heats the Brain,
And makes us fit for Love again;
Love, which quenches all that Fire,
And gives cloy'd Appetites Desire.

The YORK Miscellany.

The Men of Morals we'll despise,
And laugh at all that's grave or wise;
And when infirm Old Age comes on,
Attended by the Gout or Stone,
With Pride to all the World we'll boast,
We not an Inch of Life have lost.
But hush! my Soul — methinks I see
Some Glimmering of Eternity,
A gloomy Prospect doth arise,
And shady Horror strikes my Eyes,
Shaking my Mind with dread Surprise.
What ails my Coward Soul to rave?
All's hush'd and dark within the Grave,
Forward from thence no Regions rise,
But Soul dissolves, as Body dies.

The CARES of LIFE.

THE Man who Forty Years has liv'd,
And all the Ills of Life has born,
Is mad, at Sickness to be griev'd,
And from his Shackles to be torn.

For what's this World, but weary Care?

What's Life, but one continued Ill?

Where all that breathes must bear a Share,

And Rich or Poor be wretched still.

The Man whom Fortune's Goods befriend,

Who lives in Affluence seeming Ease,

Some secret lurking Ill attends,

And all his Wealth wants Pow'r to please.

His Friends unfaithful, Wife unkind,

His Children in their Manners curs'd,

Diseas'd in Body, or in Mind,

He lives a Wretch to last from first.

The Hind, whom humbler Birth attends,

Labours all Day, from Morn till Shade,

First lives for Strength, his Strength then spends,

And is with Wretchedness repaid.

Returning

Returning Suns his Toils demand

And Night scarce brings him Ease from Pain;

While spent, he views the fruitful Lands,

Unblest'd with Ease, nor chear'd with Gain;

Then what deserves this anxious Grief,

We on this brittle Fabrick spend,

Since Death can only bring Relief,

Nor Ease be found till Life shall end.

~~When we are thus employ'd, we are but as the wind-blown smoke, which is soon dispersed, and leaves no more behind.~~

T H E

C R E A T I O N.

WHEN the Almighty by his dread Command,
Had fashion'd Chaos into Sea and Land,

And form'd these beauteous Globes of heav'nly Light,

Which by alternate Change rule Day and Night,

And his creating Word o'er all had sent,

And gilded o'er the spangled Firmament;

Forth

Forth from the new-form'd Mafs, and recent Ball,
 He call'd out Man, and made him Lord of all;
 Plac'd him beneath a Clime of temp'rate Skies,
 Where neither Dews descend, nor Damps arife;
 Where teeming Nature in Delights abound,
 And an eternal Spring adorn'd the Ground;
 Yet joyless lay our unmatched Parent there,
 Till Heav'n created the first beauteous Fair;
 She taught him duller Pleasures to improve,
 In all the soft Variety of Love.
 Then was his Bliss compleat, each Care beguil'd,
 And Eden fresher bloom'd whene'er his Confort smil'd,

C R E A T I O N

WHEN the Almighty by his direct Command,
 Had fashion'd us into Sea and Land,
 And form'd these beauteous Globes of heavenly light,
 Which by alternate Change rule Day and Night,
 And his creating Word o'er all had pass'd,
 And gazed o'er the spangled Firmament;

Forth

An

An ODE on the NEW YEAR.

COME, Sir, since the old Year is past,
Let's welcome in the Spring,
Tho' now benum'd with Snow and Frost,
Approaching Joys I'll sing.

Hail! gentle Spring, which decks the Ground,
And beautifies the Grove;
Hail! Spring, where all Delights abound;
Hail! Spring, the Source of Love.

Enamell'd Plains with Verdure crown'd,
Adorn thy pleasing Scene,
Delight in Musick here is found,
In Prospects there is seen.

The whole Creation gaily drefs'd,
Declares aloud thy Praise;
The whole Creation by thee blest'd,
Its chearful Homage pays.

The

The sprightly Birds, the smiling Fields,
With all things that have Voice,
Warm'd with the Bliss thy Bounty yields,
In diff'rent ways rejoice.

The mounting Sun now darts his Beam
With a more scorching Ray,
And late descends into the Stream,
As loth to close up Day.

His quick Return the Birds salute,
The Earth with Pleasure feels,
His vivid Heat now gilds the Fruit,
And fructifies the Hills.

Now milder Autumn yields her Store,
The Barn's with Plenty crown'd,
The Husbandman who fear'd before,
Applauds the grateful Ground.

Again

Again 'tis Winter yet to you,
Each Season Pleasures bring,
While in full Ease the Change you view,
Of Winter, and of Spring.

Now Hounds and Horses yield Delight,
The straining Chase to try,
While o'er full Bowls with Friends at Night,
You tell how Pufs did die.

Or when inclement Skies forbid
That you abroad shou'd range,
Books, which disclose what Time has hid,
Sweet entertaining Change!

To searching Minds present their Store,
And spread the shining Fame
Of Heroes, Lovers, now no more,
And consecrates each Name.

Now pleas'd with *Ovid's* gentle Song;

Now *Homer's* lofty Strain;

Here one describes his am'rous Wrong;

There you see *Hector* slain.

Virgil's sweet Verse is sure to yield

Both Profit and Delight,

Whether he teach to dress the Field,

Or sing the *Trojan* Knight.

O happy Bards! whose Labours shine

In spite of barb'rous Rage,

Unhurt by the Destroyer Time,

And flourishing in Age.

May this, and ev'ry coming Year

Allotted you below,

With heighten'd Happiness appear,

With deeper Blessings flow.

Till

Till Time with gentle slow Decay,
Make Nature's Motions cease,
Compound you with your kindred Clay,
And lay you down in Peace.

There rest, till that creative Word,
Which gave you Being first,
A second Life to Man afford,
And call you from the Dust.

Then to new Pleasures may you rise,
In Glory ever shine,
With heavenly Vision feast your Eyes,
And live 'midst Bliss divine.

TO STREPHON.

I NE'ER suspected *Cloe's* Wit,
 Till Yesternight I saw,
 Just as she came into the Pit,
 A Thing made up of Silk and Lace,
 A monstrous Wig, and chitty Face;
 'Twas certainly a Beau!

Address her like some silly Wench,
 In the fantastick Mode
 Of Conges, Oaths, and Scraps of *French*,
 Abundance of Impertinence,
 But not one Word of solid Sense;
 Believe't, 'tis true, by G—

While she, good-natur'd, smil'd and bow'd,
 As I have often seen,
 When fighting on her Breast you vow'd,
 And told ten thousand ways thy Love,
 In Words and Looks that more than move,
 D—n her, a jilting Quean,

Such

Such Blushes o'er her Face were spread,
Her panting Breasts so heav'd,
When first thou led'st her to thy Bed,
Her sparkling Eyes shot equal Fires,
Each Glance imparting keen Desires,
From hence be none believ'd.

And thou, my injur'd Friend, disdain
To cherish the polluted Flame;
Despise her, and her silly Charms,
Who takes a Blockhead to her Arms,
And clasps a Fool in dear Delight,
When Learning, Wit, and Love invite.

CUPID's COMPLAINT.

CUPID one Day in *Ida's Grove*,
His Mammy-Goddess meeting,
Bewail'd the sad Decay of Love,
And gave her this strange Greeting,

Your

Your idle Train you mis-employ,

This silly Pomp give o'er ;

How can you see the World want Joy,

And *Cloe* slight my Pow'r.

At Church, Assembly, and at Play,

I sought the haughty Fair,

Amongst the Witty, Young, and Gay,

But *Cloe* was not there.

Help me to find the Charmer out,

Affist your wretched Boy,

My Mind no more shall pine with Doubt,

If you your Pow'r employ.

Your Loves and Graces round her send,

Give her the Pride to please ;

If those Auxiliaries but attend,

I'll rule the World with Ease,

On

On the Death of Mrs. R-----

SO blooming, beautiful, and gay,
And yet so quickly snatch'd away,
It looks as Fate supinely laid,
And left to Chance the lovely Maid.
Ye airy Sylphs, whose proper Care
Is to attend and guard the Fair;
Who round those Charms were wont to play,
Which seen, stole ev'ry Heart away;
Whither, ah! whither did you stray?
Some spiteful *Genii* watch'd the Time,
And snatch'd the Virgin in her Prime,
While the admiring, loving Train,
Saw all their Pleasure, all their Pain;
The Womens Envy, Nature's Boast,
In one unlucky Minute lost.

So splendid Meteors rais'd on high,
Shine for a Moment in the Sky,
The Wonder of each gazing Eye,
Till soon dispers'd by adverse Wind,
They leave a joyless Gloom behind.

The

The COMPLAINT.

CRAFTY *Belinda*, full of am'rous Wiles,
 The doating *Strepbon* easily beguiles;
 I heard the fair Inconstant when she swore,
 And can't but curse the jilting, faithless W---e.
 This be the Passport to your Joys, said she,
 And took a filken Garter from her Knee;
 With which the Youth retir'd, his Thoughts elate,
 Full of her Charms, and his approaching Fate;
 But the next time *Belinda* saw the Youth,
 Forgetting all her Vows, and all his Truth,
 Full of her ~~Sexes~~ Pride in giving Pain,
 She basely view'd him with a cold Disdain,
 And loll'd and gloated on another Swain.
 For this, may all those Charms she now can boast,
 Be with her Reputation quickly lost.
 May she with raging Fires and Passion burn,
 And meet with nothing in return --- but Scorn!
 May keen Remembrance haunt her guilty Soul,
 And *Strepbon's* Wrongs, like Furies, round her howl.

A S O N G.

WOULD fair *Orinda* know her Pow'r,
And how her beauteous Charms surprize?

Wou'd she her willing Slaves secure?

O let her hide her lovely Eyes!

Profuse of Charms the Nymph appears,

As *Phæbus* in meridian Height,

Whose Pow'r no Gazer but reveres,

Yet none can view his body'd Light.

Had thus fair *Venus* but appear'd,

When great *Apelles* drew the Queen,

The baffled Artift had declar'd

His Skill was lost in what he'd seen.

For who can Charms like her's exprefs,

Where thousand mingled Beauties shine,

Where blended Rays a Light confefs

Which flows from something that's divine?

E

Ah!

Ah! Beauteous Nymph let me advise,
 If Pride of Conquest fires your Breast,
 If kneeling Slaves e'er glad your Eyes,
 Who are with smallest Favours blest,

Hide half those Charms your Sight displays,
 That Mortals may have Pow'r to gaze.

A S O N G.

FILL ev'ry Glas up to the brim;
 Musick sound; let Mirth begin;
 May *Cloe* still her Bloom retain,
 Nor know a Thought may give her Pain!

Still may the Graces deck each Charm,
 In pleasing Smiles her Slaves to warm!
 And may the Triumphs of her Eyes
 To newer, nobler Conquests rise.

Inferior Beauties may confine
 Their fainter Charms on one to shine;

She

She born for Sway, asserts the Prize,
And triumphs o'er all Hearts and Eyes.

Then fill, let Wine and Love combine,
Let tuneful Spheres their Musick join
In spritely Notes to sound her Praise,
And aid, with heavenly, earthly Lays.

To S I L V I A.

SILVIA, let not fond Desire
Thus invade your Virgin Breast,
'Tis a strange consuming Fire,
'Twill destroy, if not suppress'd.

Now it triumphs in each Feature,
Livid Paleness speaks its Sway;
Think ---- its Conquest may be greater,
And your Life its Pow'r obey.

Rather own the burning Passion,
 And your Youth and Beauty save,
 Tho' 'tis not a thing in fashion,
 There's no Lovers in the Grave.

Written on the Sticks of a FAN.

WHILE Cloe doth with Grace display,
 In Summer's sultry Heat,
 This waving Toy in wanton Play,
 O how my Heart does beat!

While shaded Beauties meet my Eyes,
 I can securely gaze;
 But if unveil'd, her Charms surprize,
 I perish in the Blaze.

*On the Death of the Honourable HEN. FINCH,
late Dean of York.*

SINCE Death's the Consequence of being born,
And all that gloomy Path must tread,
With idle Tears why do we then bemoan,
And vainly weep th'illustrious Dead.

In this, a Pity to our selves we show,
And mourn a Loss we only feel;
Not pay that Tribute which we owe,
But our own Sorrows strive to heal.

Let Faith, by Christian Hope assur'd,
Behold his Spirit mounting high,
Ent'ring those Joys which shall endure
In fulness to Eternity.

If then the Dead know ought below,
Or ought our Actions can avail,
Let's strive, like him, our selves to know,
And o'er our Passions to prevail.

Thus

Thus nobler Gratitude is shown,
 Far nobler Trophies thus we raise,
 Than can be cut in mould'ring Stone,
 Or marble Columns to his Praise,

His pious Labours thus we bless,
 And shew his Doctrine we believ'd,
 If we commit but one Crime less,
 Or from one Folly are retriev'd.

To C L O E,

TELL me, *Cloe*, why has Nature
 Been so partial to your Form?
 Why in Beauty deck'd, each Feature?
 Think you 'twas to aid your Scorn?

No, mistaken charming Woman,
 Nature no such Thrift requires,
 She bestows her Gifts in common,
 And our lib'ral Use desires.

Then

The YORK *Miscellany.*

31

Then no longer doat on Power,
But let Love your Thoughts employ,
Use the now propitious Hour,
And improve the instant Joy.

Time, tho' slowly, is approaching,
When that Face we now adore,
'Steal of Love will cause our Loathing,
Spread with Age and Wrinkles o'er.

Then while weakly, vainly prating,
You your former Conquests boast,
Who'll regard you, while relating
What your Scorn and Folly lost.

The COMPLAINT.

WEARY of those false Joys which Life affords,
Pleasures that have no Being but in Words;
Love, Honour, Friendship, empty Names I find,
You are not Offsprings of the conscious Mind;

For Int'rest cherish'd, and by Int'rest bred;
For Int'rest own'd, and still by Int'rest fed.
When your dear Parent finds another Charm
More strong, more tempting, O! how doubly warm
The upstart flatt'ring Object she'll pursue,
Renounce the Old, and straight adore the New.
By trusting, we are sure to be deceiv'd;
Others believing, or by them believ'd.
In this fantastick Maze our Years roll round,
And Life a cheating Labyrinth is found.
Pardon, ye happy few, for such there are,
Who make a well-conducted Life their Care,
Whom nothing biases from steady Truth,
In all the Accidents of Age, or Youth.
This general Charge hurts not your spotless Fame,
But by Comparison exalts each Name.
O cou'd my weary Mind meet such a one,
I'd center all my Bliss in him alone;
Regardless of the World, contented see
This Life slide on into Eternity.

A Meditation on the NATIVITY of CHRIST.

WHENE'ER my Eye the Grave surveys,
The gloomy Mansion of the Dead,

The Prospect does my Wonder raise,
And fills my Mind with awful Dread.

That Sight does more of Life explain,
Than any part of Life can show,
From Self-conviction that 'tis vain
To fix our Hope on things below.

Yet how much juster were our Pain,
Did not the Word of Truth endure;
This Being lost, we shall obtain
A Life which ever shall endure.

Again my Doubts and Fears increase,
To think th' unbodied Soul shall fly,
When this compounded Life shall cease,
In Regions of Eternity.

There, ever-during Joy or Pain,
In the acutest Sense to prove,
The Punishment of Sin and Shame,
Or just Reward of Faith and Love.

No more my Doubts, my Fears arise,
Religion heavenly bright appears,
Displays my Saviour to my Eyes,
And drowns in Faith and Joy my Tears.

O blest Salute from Angels Mouth!
O welcome Embassy divine!
When they declar'd the God of Truth
Was sprung from *David's* chosen Line.

Whole Heav'n amaz'd, his Mercy sing,
His saving Condescension praise;
Hofannah's to the Highest ring,
And joyous Hymns of Thanks they raise.

Exulting Joy my Spirits raise,
And all my Meditations fire,

When

When I attempt thy sacred Praise,
Do thou, O quicken my Desire!

To Faith add Perseverance, Lord,
And Love, and Christian Charity,
A just Regard of thy dread Word,
And this stupendous Mystery.

And thou, O God! regard my Praise,
For this thy saving Wonder shown,
Accept my Thanks, my Fervour raise,
To make my Christian Duty known.

That when from Heav'n's high Throne thou come,
And the last dreadful Trump shall sound,
When all the World receive their Doom,
I may amongst the Just be found.



To the Memory of the ROYAL MARTYR.

A ID me, ye tuneful Nine, assist my Verse
 To deck with mournful Notes the Martyr's
 That while the Hero I attempt to praise, [Here,
 An honest Zeal may shine throughout my Lays; }
 And a just reverential Sorrow raise.
 Yet, ere the Muse this Scene of Blood displays,
 Remembrance does a fairer Prospect raise.
 Behold him then abroad, while warm in Youth,
 Spite of Temptations, vindicate the Truth;
 Nor could the mighty Charms of Pow'r and Love,
 Alter his Faith, or Resolution move;
 Experience but confirm'd what Youth had taught,
 And uncorrupted home his Faith he brought.
 Mature for Sway, he mounted Britain's Throne,
 And deck'd with ev'ry Royal Virtue, shone.
 Resplendent Pow'r receiv'd more mighty Charms,
 Whilst Truth and Honour his great Spirit warms;
 But soon Rebellion rear'd her mon'strous Head,
 Deform'd the Scene, and round her Terrors spread;

In

In wild Affright each peaceful Virtue flies,
To Shores less guilty, from indignant Skies:
While Heav'n demands Atonement of the State,
For impious Crimes; and He submits to Fate.
The Royal Victim for his Subjects bleeds;
Resign'd, he for his Murd'ers interceeds.
So when of old the Wrath of Heav'n wax'd high,
The fairest of the Flock was doom'd to die,
Unblemish'd Victims Heav'n's fierce Wrath pleas'd,
And spotless Off'rings the Almighty pleas'd.
Description, tho't be varied thousand ways,
Must ineffectual prove to blame or praise,
For none can adequate Ideas raise
To the dire Act of that lamented Day,
And all the thousand Ills that pay'd the way,
Th'Anointed of the Lord was led to die,
Of all divested, but that Majesty
Which Virtue still retains in all Distress,
Which nought but equal Virtue can express.
Thou Sun beheld'st it, did thy Beams display,
This Deed of Blood too horrid for the Day.

O! rather Darkness should have spread around,
 Convulsive Earthquakes shook the guilty Ground.
 No Light, save glaring Meteors threat'ning blaze,
 Or baleful Comets pestilential Rays—
 But Heav'n in Judgment, Mercy still retains,
 Wou'd Men from their Impieties refrain :
 And O! may future Ages shun the Crimes,
 Which stain the Annals of those wicked Times;
 And by the dread Example taught be wise,
 And know their Safety in their Duty lies,

The W I S H.

KNOWLEDGE by Man so much desir'd,
 By none obtain'd, by all admir'd;
 Thou fancy'd Bliss, which all Men prize,
 (For all Men would be counted wise)
 Why should we seek thy dark Abode,
 Which must with painful Steps be trod?
 Why drag thee forth to aid our Woe,
 And give our Peace a deadlier Blow.

The first who fought thee fell with Shame,
Since when thou'st been an empty Name,
Made use of to abuse the Crowd,
Be faucy, turbulent, and loud ;
To cheat, oppress in Form, betray,
And give our Goods and Lives away.
For my part, wou'd my Fate be kind,
And suit my Fortune to my Mind,
I'd from the busy World retreat,
From Knaves and Fools. The Rich and Great
Might hug the Bawble as they'd please,
So I enjoy'd my Health and Ease,
In some Place where the harmless Swains
Possess the Bliss of Hills and Plains,
Rivers, and Woods, and pleasant Meads,
Which yield whatever Nature needs ;
Where honest Industry supplies
Their Health, and their Necessities.

'Tis true, they boast not *India's* Spoil,
Nor wear the shining Silk-worms Toil ;

No

No sparkling Briliants deck the Fair,
Nor Paint, nor Powder is their Care;
By their own Pains their Flocks afford,
Sufficient Raiment, plenteous Board;
No fear of Surfeits when they dine;
No Rest disturb'd with Fumes of Wine;
But pleasant Sleeps pass Night away,
And well reward the Toils of Day.
No studied Wiles the Fair affect,
To catch at Hearts, and draw Respect;
But artless Charms attract the Eyes,
Which scorn the Aid of weak Disguise;
With Transport I the Bliss admire,
Nor can I check the vain Desire
Of wishing for those real Joys,
To wear my Life out without Noise,
Secure in Innocence to rest,
And live, or die, be surely blest.

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

*All go to one Place, all are of the Dust, and all
turn to Dust again.* Ecclef. iii. 20.

TO what a wretched Source this Life we owe!
From what a trivial Spring all Honours flow!
Humbled to Earth be all the Great and Wise,
When they reflect it is from Dust they rise.
In vain their boasted Lineage they may trace,
In vain look high, and brag of Pow'r or Place,
From Dust they did begin, in Dust must end the Race.
Helpless we're tost on Life's tempestuous Sea,
The very Air we breathe brings Misery.
The Wants of Nature told in Infant Cries,
Declare him happiest born who soonest dies.
While the weak Lamp of Life has scarce gain'd Heat,
And the small Pulse but just begun to beat.
What Tugs, what Struggles in that Infant State,
To oppose those Ills that round our Cradles wait,
To extinguish Life, and hurry on our Fate?
But if with growing Years, our Strength increase,
Our growing Passions more disturb our Peace;

G

Or

Or if by chance the Stream of Life flow clear,
 And the smooth Surface beautiful appear,
 Some sudden Gust of Passion does arise,
 Deforms the Scene with Horror and Surprize ;
 Love, Avarice, Revenge, a num'rous Train
 Of dang'rous Appetites do create us Pain:
 And if this Year we think our selves most blest,
 And by th'Enjoyment measure out the rest,
 Succeeding Years our Folly plainly shews,
 And the same wretched Scene of Woe renews.
 Mean while Death waits us in each shifted Scene,
 And strikes almost in ev'ry thing unseen;
 Surfeits, and sultry Heat destroy this Frame;
 Hunger, and Cold, and Thirst perform the same ;
 Nay Death, the King of Terrors weilds his Sword,
 In every thing that Nature does afford ;
 But say we 'scape, and number Length of Years,
 What is't that beautiful in Age appears?
 Age, the great Load of Life, the galling Chain,
 Which whosoe'er is destin'd to sustain,
 Must dwell with Mis'ry, and sojourn with Pain.

When

When relax'd Sinews, unbent Nerves deny
Their vigorous Aid, on what must we rely,
When weaken'd Sight, and Memory's Decay,
Too sadly own their Pow'rs were form'd from Clay,
Where can we hope for Rest, where Quiet have,
But in the silent Region of the Grave?

The Grave, which opens wide her friendly Arms
To shield th'Oppress'd and Poor from future Harms;
The Grave, which all Distinction does confound;
The Grave, where Sorrows cease, where Rest is found;
There, soon or later, all Mankind must come,
'Tis there all rest, while the great Day of Doom
Shall summons all the Sons of Earth t'appear,
Where all must an impartial Judgment bear.

Then what avails it any, You, or I,
If well we live, how old or young we die?



On ISAIAH xl. 28.

Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding.

TELL me, ye Learned, who pretend to scan
 The Work of Heaven in this poor reptile Man;
 You who by Science, Nature wou'd subdue,
 And all her Secrets open to your View;
 You who pretend all Myst'ries are reveal'd
 To your deep Sight, that nothing lies conceal'd;
 How is the Soul transfus'd into its Frame?
 (That divine Particle of heav'nly Flame)
 Or how amidst the heavy Mass subsists?
 And by what Pow'r it knows it self exists?
 Or when dissever'd from its Partner Clay,
 Whether in liquid Fields of Light it stray,
 Or lost in the Abyss of Nothing lies,
 Or mounts to Heav'n, and finds its native Skies?
 Or if in purging Fires the Souls confin'd,
 Till from foul Crimes done in the Flesh, refin'd?

Say,

Say, what gives Voice to the loud Thunder's Sound?
What darts the yellow subtle Lightning round?
What is't directs the Seasons, marks the Year,
And guides the Sun in his midway Career?
Say, can the Glow-worm Light of Reason find,
The hidden Treasuries of Rain and Wind?
Or when they're scatter'd, do they back return,
These to their Caverns, those unto their Urns?
All this you're Ign'rant of, yet dare dispute,
And boldly judge of ev'ry Attribute
To Heav'n belongs; pretend to comprehend
Infinity; vain Boasters, now attend,
And tell me, Can the moulded Clay inform
The Potter how he should his Work perform?
Or say, when 'tis for viler Uses turn'd,
Why was I thus, why not for Honour form'd?
Then here let all your vain Enquiries end,
The Search is dang'rous if it farther tend.
Lost in Immensity, bewilder'd more,
You wander farther from the safer Shore;

Quickfands

Quickfands and Rocks, devouring Gulphs arise;
 If on this dang'rous Coast you bend your Eyes,
 And all around it sinking Ruin lies.

An EPISTLE to CLOE.

BEAUTY's but a tranfient Grace,
 A fading Flow'r that soon will pafs,
 And change its Form, (not fo the Mind)
 And leave Deformity behind.
 Which fhews the Care the Fair affign,
 Their outward Charms in which they fhine,
 To be a filly vain Defign.
 That you in Beauty mark'd fupreme,
 Where thoufand blooming Maids are feen,
 Should doat on Fools infipid Praise,
 And think from thence your Fame to raife,
 Provokes the Mufe her Skill to try,
 To rouse you from this Lethargy;
 Then whilst I friendly reprehend,
 Frown not, my fair one, but attend

A Fable told in ancient guise,
Which erst the Learned did devise;
Observe the Tale, in it you'll find
A Semblance of your Form and Mind.

A Cion shot both straight and fair,
Which claim'd the Gardner's earliest Care;
But he neglecting it in Youth,
Redundant Branches spoil'd its Growth;
It flourish'd, tall and fair to view,
It blossom'd well, but Fruit ne'er grew;
Too late the Pruning-knife he us'd,
Its Branches lop'd, its Bark he bruise'd,
The Tree, tho' forc'd the skilfull'ft ways,
The Wildness of its Growth betrays,
Eludes the ill-tim'd Planters Care,
Shoots full of Leaves, of Fruit is bare.

So, *Cloe*, like this very Tree,
You have been, are, and still will be,
Unless you wisely check your Youth,
And stop the too luxuriant Growth;

Unvalu'd

48. *The YORK Miscellany.*

Unvalu'd live, unmourn'd you'll die,
 And uselefs, claim no Memory.
 Put off that Self-sufficient Thought,
 Which whispers you cannot be taught,
 Discharge your uselefs silly Pride,
 And lay your Vanity aside;
 Think others are as wise as you,
 Unenviously their Conduct view,
 And then you'll think what I say true.
 See *Flora* deck'd with ev'ry Grace,
 Yet Affectation ne'er had place
 Amidst her Charms, for none can see
 Too much Reserve, or Levity,
 No silly Airs her Carriage shows,
 Or from her Conversation flows,
 Good-natur'd, affable, and free,
 In private, or in Company,
 Will freely praise, where Praise is due,
 A Female Beauty H---, or you,
 Nor with ill-natur'd Censure side
 To please her own or others Pride.

This

This gives her Charms peculiar Grace,
 Excelling those which deck her Face;
 This makes the Women to admire;
 'Tis this sets all the Men on fire;
 'Tis this does all her Conquests gain;
 'Tis this her Triumphs will maintain,
 When wrinkled Furrows shall arise,
 And fainter Lustre deck her Eyes.
Aurelia next deserves your Care,
Aurelia, young, well-born, and fair,
 With all Advantages beside,
 Woman wou'd wish to shew her Pride;
 Yet she so wisely shuns that Ill,
 And guides her Actions with such Skill,
 So far above her tender Years,
 That all most beautiful appears;
 Their rising Charms demand the Praise
 Of more harmonious, tuneful Lays
 Than I can boast: O how they'd shine,
 Describ'd in *Pope's* enchanting Lines!
 Compell'd, th' Ill-natur'd shou'd approve,
 And sullen Envy turn to Love.

H

Here

Here Numbers more in view are plac'd,
Each with peculiar Virtues grac'd,
Cull some from all, your Mind improve,
Your Train of Follies quick remove,
Shine the just Object of our Love.
No longer think, tho' *Celia*'s loud,
And forces Eyes from all the Crowd,
That she by that deserves our Praise,
She only does our Wonder raise;
Despis'd, she lolls, she laughs, and talks,
She visits, dances, sings, and walks,
Cheaply familiar she displays
Unvalu'd Charms a thousand ways;
Nor with *Corinna* yet behave,
To think each Man shou'd be your Slave,
Corinna, who affects Disdain,
And gives her self, not others Pain;
Lab'ring to hide her keen Desires,
She more betrays the smother'd Fires,
The awkward Artifice proclaims
The self-consuming raging Flames.

Cleone's Fault be sure you shun,
Nor ever to Detraction run;
She who while at the World she rails,
Ne'er minds how oft her dear self fails,
Will with a thousand Faults expose
The least Misconduct that she knows.
Here close, nor farther on pursue
Th'ungrateful Theme, tho' ne'er so true;
Advice, not Satyr, 'twas I meant,
If you approve the good Intent.
The Muse encourag'd by your Praise,
To nobler Heights her Voice may raise,
And deck with *Cloe's* Name her Lays.

On the Restauration of King CHARLES.

WHILE guilty *Britain* wept intestine Broils,
And Church and Crown were made Rebel-
lion's Spoils,
Offended Heav'n, which justly was displeas'd,
Withdrew his out-stretch'd Arm, his Wrath appeas'd,
Restor'd the King, and mourning *Britain* eas'd.

52 *The YORK Miscellany.*

So when repenting *Israel* sought their God,
 And humbly fear'd his Stripes, and chast'ning Rod,
David from *Kidron* was again restor'd,
 His Pow'r rever'd, and *Jacob's* God ador'd;
 Reviling *Shimei* vainly curs'd his King,
 Nor could *Abithophel* such Counsel bring
 Would stop the wond'rous Works which God ordain'd,
 But *David* was restor'd again, again in *Is'el* reign'd:
 Like Favours, justly, we with *Is'el* boast,
 Let not our Duty be in Silence lost,
 But chearful Praise mark each returning Day,
 The grateful'st Off'ring we to Heav'n can pay.

A Reflection on Uncharitableness in Opinion.

BY what strange Whimfies are we led?
 How are those Tyrant Passions bred,
 That with despotick Sway controul
 Each gen'rous Principle o'th' Soul,
 That in one common Nature we
 Scarce meet with any that agree.

Some

Some value Learning, Honour, Ease,
Dang'rous Attempts some others please,
Love, Hunting, Gaming, some Employ,
Yet all applaud the fav'rite Joy;
Ev'n in our Worship don't we find
These awful Tyrants rule the Mind,
The Forms and Modes that we like best
We idolize, and damn the rest;
And while mistaken Zeal we boast,
We let our Charity be lost;
Yet where do those fantastick Rules,
The Scoff of wise Men, Awe of Fools,
Their Sanction gain, the Pow'r to bind
In slavish Ties the active Mind?
'Tis we our selves, our selves betray,
And give our Liberties away,
Nor ought the Wise or Learned say;
While uncontroul'd our Passions reign,
And pleas'd we drag the galling Chain,
Yet would we, durst we once be free,
Assert that noble Liberty,

The Conquest of our selves wou'd give,
 How blest, how happy might we live!
 All narrow selfish Views wou'd fly
 Th'Approach of Christian Liberty,
 While Charity to Heav'n should rise,
 The only grateful Sacrifice,
 And mount the Soul to native Skies.
 Nor would her Precepts then appear,
 As now they do, harsh and severe,
 That Blaze of Glory would destroy
 These meaner Lights we now enjoy,
 And heavenly Bliss Eternity employ.

F I N I S.



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